The Philippines is no straight-laced Quaker settlement. Far from it. Sundays are not the long-faced Puritan Sabbaths. Not at all. In the Philippines life is one long procession of good times. Sundays and holidays, of which latter there are a medley of religious, American, and Filipino anniversaries, seem specially created for a hasty appearance at early mass to be followed by diversions of all sorts.

The dance is the popular means by which the Filipinos enjoy themselves. Clubs from the fashionable Bachelors, Smiles, and Kahirup to far less pretentious organizations in the remotest towns, exist, for the sole purpose of holding balls. The problem of the universities is to keep the number of dances which the students organize within fairly reasonable bounds. A wedding, a baptismal party, or a reception for a visitor are eagerly seized upon to provide an excuse to get up a *baile* (dance). Then the town *fiesta* and the carnivals provide opportunities for longer indulgence in the favorite pastime,

As if this were not enough, cabarets exist all over the Islands. In these establishments, the native *b&ilarinas* (dancing girls) prove as engaging hostesses as their sisters, the geishas of Japan, the sing-song girls of China, or the taxi dancers of America. For twenty centavos (ten cents) a dance, the *bailarinas* will trip the light fantastic in every known variation. They will also flirt with suitors with direful consequences when jealousy is inflamed to passionate deeds, The money made by these girls of a night is by no

means insignificant. A few of them salt away their earnings in banks j others use their money to attend school in the daytime j others support a family or a good-for-nothing common-law husband, while still others go the pace that kills.

Santa Ana Cabaret in Manila makes the daim that it is the

[7] **Section read by Mr. Jose J. Tinsay, President of Klanimp.**